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MAYNARD'S ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES. No. 130

**SNOW-BOUND, SONGS OF LABOR
AND OTHER POEMS**

**BY
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER**

**WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, CRITICAL OPINIONS,
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES**



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LIFE OF WHITTIER.

THE first American ancestor of the Whittier family came to New England from Southampton, England, in 1638, and settled on the Merrimac River, first at Salisbury, and afterwards at Newbury and Haverhill. These first Whittiers were peaceful people living according to the Quaker teachings, though not avowing a connection with the Society of Friends.

Through the period while the wild Indian, "the pernicious creature" of contemporary records, was raging through the Eastern settlements, scalping and tomahawking, the Whittier family passed unscathed. Thomas Whittier, the father of the family, always received the savages hospitably, showing no fear and treating them fairly. He was at heart a Quaker, and to the serene disregard of violence which is the main characteristic of the Quaker temperament must be ascribed his safety in those unsettled days. He died in 1696, leaving ten children, the youngest of whom, Joseph, was the great-grandfather of the poet. Joseph had nine children, among them a second Joseph, whose son John was the father of the poet.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in December, 1807, at a lonely farmhouse about three miles northeast of Haverhill, Massachusetts. His boyhood was like that of any other country boy in the New England of those days. "At an early age," he tells us, "I was set to work on the farm and doing errands for my mother.

who, in addition to her ordinary house duties, was busy in spinning and weaving the linen and woollen cloth needed for the family." He went to school at seven years of age and studied during the winter months of each year. At an early age he was in the habit of scribbling verses on his slate at school. "When I was fourteen years old," he says, "my first schoolmaster brought with him to our house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scotch dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read, and it had a lasting influence on me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures." Burns always remained his favorite poet.

In 1826, when William Lloyd Garrison established in Newburyport the *Free Press*, Whittier, then nineteen, ventured to contribute a poem, which was accepted. Garrison was much struck by Whittier's talent, and persuaded the poet's father to let the young poet pursue his studies farther than the limited facilities of the village school provided for. To get the necessary money young Whittier turned shoemaker, and by the next spring had made enough to pay for board and tuition for six months at the Academy at Haverhill. A Haverhill lady thus describes his personal appearance at this time: "He was a very handsome, distinguished-looking young man. His eyes were remarkably beautiful. He was tall, slight, and very erect, a bashful youth, but never awkward, my mother said, who was a better judge than I of such matters." In 1828 Garrison found a place for his friend as a writer for the *American Manufacturer*, a Boston political journal, and later on Whittier edited and wrote for several other newspapers, contributing a good many poems which he did not preserve in the later editions of his works.

On New Year's Day, 1831, Garrison printed the first

number of his *Liberator*. The simple object of this publication was to emphasize a proposition not startling now, but in those days equivalent to a shriek of rash defiance to the world: "Unconditional emancipation is the immediate duty of the master and the immediate right of the slave." Garrison was hooted and mobbed, but he stood immovably amid the storm of riotous opposition aroused by his words. Whittier was stirred to the depths of his nature by Garrison's devotion, and threw himself heart and soul into the anti-slavery movement. His first step was to write a bulky pamphlet entitled "Justice and expediency; or, Slavery considered with a view to its rightful and effectual remedy, abolition"—a treatise which was thought at the time to cover the subject very completely.

Once identified with the Anti-slavery cause, Whittier devoted all his energy to writing his "Songs of Freedom"—a series of lyrics blazing with indignation against the slave-holders of the South. It is said that, from 1832 to the close of the war in 1865, "his harp of liberty was never hung up." Those years, which the Germans call the "blossoming-time" of a poet's life, when he should be continually striving to attain the richer harmonies of poetical expression, Whittier spent in the turbid literary atmosphere of a great political crisis. The strain of war-time, with its incessant demands for his stirring poetry, naturally precluded that excellence of finish which is so characteristic of the verse of Lowell and Longfellow. But at the same time his poems had a rousing power, a fiery enthusiasm, which no other American poet ever attained.

The war over, and the dearest object of his life fulfilled, Whittier settled into private life at Amesbury on the Merrimac River, and lived happily there until his death in 1892.

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF WHITTIER'S WORKS.

"THE poetry of Whittier differs from that of other American poets in several particulars, which will probably be better understood by those who are to come after us than they have yet been by ourselves, and which will determine his ultimate place among nineteenth-century poets who have expressed themselves in the English tongue. It differs from that of his contemporaries who alone are worthy of consideration in a serious estimate of our verse in that it is the natural expression of his individual genius, his simple, native speech, not a studied literary exercise; and that from first to last it has concerned itself with the life of his countrymen. Why he was born a poet we can no more tell from what we know of his parentage and environments than why Burns was; but he was so born, as surely as Burns, and it was his only heritage. His parents were plain people, who lived by farming, which was not a lucrative calling in a small country town in New England, in the first decade of the century. They were poor, hard-working, simple-minded folk, of a more serious turn of mind than most of those about them, for they were Quakers, but not, it would seem, the kind of folk to divine the genius of their son, much less to educate him, for it was necessary that he should work on the farm, as they did. They were unlettered, for, outside of the Bible and the few denominational writings on their shelves, they were not readers; these, the county newspaper, and the 'Farmer's Almanac'

were Whittier's library, the common school in winter being his university. No American poet ever had smaller chances of reading in boyhood than Whittier. . . .

Mr. Whittier's next collection, "Songs of Labor," marked a change in his practice, if not in his theory, of poetry. He had succeeded in emancipating himself from himself, and had become a writer of objective poems—poems, that is, which were written for their own sake, and not for the sake of any emotion in his own mind. He had mastered his powers, which willingly obeyed his creative impulses, and had set them to work upon material themes, which concern us, and ought to concern us in spite of all that subjective poets urge to the contrary. Schiller was the first modern poet who perceived the poetry of common things, and in his "Song of the Bell" he struck the key-note of a succession of similar songs which have not yet celebrated all the employments of this workaday world of ours. This impassioned lyric was the model of Mr. Longfellow in his "Building of the Ship," and of Mr. Whittier in his "Songs of Labor," though it is less apparent in the last, which deal with the poetic capabilities of seven different kinds of labor instead of one, and in a manner which was original with Mr. Whittier, who is a better artist, I think, than the German master, in that his work is more obvious, more picturesque, and more generally intelligible. The human associations which cluster around ship-builders, shoemakers, drovers, fishermen, and the like, are more definite than those which cluster around the molders and casters of bells. . . .

The associations which cluster around the labors of mankind the world over are poetical, though poets are required to detect them, for they are never found on the surface. They are detected by poets, as I have said, but not by poets of the highest order, who cultivate the idealities and sublimities of their art, and with whom

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song is literature rather than inspiration. They appeal to the born singers, who never lose their sympathy with the people from whom they spring, no matter how lettered they may afterwards become, nor their power of seeing beauty in common things, but who preserve to the end the vision and the faculty divine. Such a poet is Mr. Whittier, who is thoroughly at home in his "Songs of Labor," which have always seemed to me the most characteristic of all his productions, and those by which foreign readers would most readily recognize him as an American poet.—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD in *Scribner's Monthly* for August, 1879.

In love of outward nature he yields to neither [Burns nor Cowper]. His delight in it is not a new sentiment or a literary tradition, but the genuine passion of a man born and bred in the country, who has not merely a visiting acquaintance with the landscape, but stands on terms of lifelong friendship with hill, stream, rock, and tree. In his descriptions he often catches the *expression* of rural scenery, a very different thing from the mere *looks*, with the trained eye of familiar intimacy. His characters, where he introduces such, are commonly abstractions with little of the flesh and blood of real life in them, and this from want of experience rather than of sympathy, for many of his poems show him capable of friendship almost womanly in its purity and warmth.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in the *North American Review*.

The poems of Mr. Whittier's literary prime vary much in quality, but all have at least the strength of manly common-sense, good taste, and direct expression, while many possess also either reticent and therefore effective pathos, or a certain eager and orderly rush, rather perhaps of orator than of poet, but instinct with metrical vigor, which has characterized some of his

most popular pieces. His boundaries have not been wide, but within them he has been master; he has been sure of his purpose, and what he purposed he could effect; and he has shown an understanding of his limits which is in itself a faculty of no mean order. In England his poetry, taking it all in all, has not met with the wide and somewhat indiscriminating acceptance it has received from his own countrymen, and only a few pieces can be named as having become favorites of our general public. . . . Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery poems do not show him at his best as a poet. . . . Anti-slavery was *not* a theme for a poet; it was too abstract, too political, and, above all, too argumentative. . . . Poems so written may have their influence in a great public controversy, but the controversy over their life is gone — *London Athenæum*, 1889.

YEARS ago, when *Snow-Bound* was published, I was surprised at the warmth of its reception. I must have underrated it in every way. It did not interest one not long escaped from bounds, to whom the poetry of action was then all in all. . . . But I now can see my mistake, a purely subjective one, and do justice to *Snow-Bound* as a model of its class. Burroughs well avows it to be the "most faithful picture of our northern winter that has yet been put into poetry." If his discussion had not been restricted to "Nature and the Poets," he perhaps would have added that this pastoral gives, and once for all, an ideal reproduction of the inner life of an old-fashioned American rustic home; not a peasant-home—far above that in refinement and potentialities,—but equally simple, frugal, and devout; a home of which no other land has furnished the coadequate type.

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

10 CRITICAL OPINIONS OF WHITTIER'S WORKS.

WHITTIER as a poet is too well known to the American reader to call for any elaborate analysis of his style. As we turn over the collective edition of his poems, we are astonished to see the number of pieces that have become household words. Mogg Megone, Maud Muller, The Angels of Buena Vista, The Vandois Teacher, My Soul and I, A Dream of Summer, Songs of Labor, The Barefoot Boy, Skipper Iveson's Ride, Barbara Frietchie—what a host of associations the very names evoke! They and their twin brethren have long since passed into the hearts of the poet's countrymen. They are a part of ourselves. If we seek for the causes of this real popularity, we shall find one cause of it at least in Whittier's intense nationality. Bryant excepted, there is not an American poet who can, in this respect, be compared with Whittier. Setting aside a few, very few, songs on borrowed themes, we may say that everything that Whittier has written comes directly home to the American. What, for instance, can be more beautiful in its genial simplicity and also more characteristic than *Snow-Bound*? It may safely be ranked among the sweetest, most endearing idyls of the language. In it we see the fiery crusader of the *Voices of Freedom* softened and mellowed into the retrospective artist. The period of fermentation has passed, the purification is complete. Harsh numbers are tuned to perfect accord; hatred of oppression has made way for broad humanity. If we read the *Proem* of 1847 side by side with *Snow-Bound* we shall have little difficulty in persuading ourselves that Whittier has not only nothing to fear from a comparison with melodious Spenser and Sidney, but has even surpassed them in artistic reality.—J. S. HART.

SNOW-BOUND.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE family described in *Snow-Bound* consisted of Whittier's father and mother, his brother, two sisters, his uncle and his aunt, and the district schoolmaster, who, following the New England custom of "boarding 'round" with the parents of his pupils, made his home with the Whittier household. This was William Haskell, a Dartmouth College student, who afterward became a physician. It is said that he never knew that Whittier had immortalized him as the "brisk wielder of the birch and rule." The "not unfear'd, half-welcome guest," "strong, self-centered, spurning guide" was Harriet, the daughter of Judge Livermore of New Hampshire, a woman of great accomplishments and of greater eccentricity. At one time she went as an independent missionary to the western Indians, whom she believed to be the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; at another she proclaimed with conviction and fervor the speedy second coming of Christ. Lines 548-559 do not exaggerate the extent of her travels or the striking character of her adventures. Her life with Lady Hester Stanhope, "the crazy Queen of Lebanon," terminated abruptly, we are told, in a quarrel "in regard to two white horses with red marks on their backs which suggested the idea of saddles, on which her titled

hostess expected to ride into Jerusalem with the Lord." Lady Hester Stanhope, of whom vivid mention is made in lines 554-556, was the daughter of the third Earl Stanhope. She was the most trusted confidante of her uncle, William Pitt, and on his death a pension of £1200 a year was assigned to her by the king. She conceived a disgust for society, however, retired for a time into Wales, and in 1810 left England never to return to it. In mere restlessness of spirit she wandered for a year or two on the shores of the Mediterranean, and finally settled herself among the semi-savage tribes of Mount Lebanon. Here she led a strange life, adopting in everything the Eastern manners, and, by the force and fearlessness of her character, obtaining a curious ascendancy over the rude races around her. She was regarded by them with superstitious reverence as a sort of prophetess, and gradually came so to consider herself. With the garb, she adopted something of the faith of a Mohammedan chieftain, and her religion, which seems to have been sincere and profound, was compounded in about equal proportions out of the Koran and the Bible. Her reckless liberalities involved her in constant need of money; and, her health giving way, her last years were passed in wretchedness of various kinds, under which, however, her untamable spirit supported her bravely. She died in June 1839, with no European near her, and was buried in her own garden.

SNOW-BOUND.

A WINTER IDYL.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same."—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm*

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky 5
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 10

A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar 15
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows 25
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent. 30
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro 35
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

25. **stanchion**, a vertical bar for confining cattle in a stall.

So all night long the storm roared on :
 The morning broke without a sun ;
 In tiny spherule traced with lines
 Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake and pellicle 45
 All day the hoary meteor fell ;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.
 Around the glistening wonder bent 50
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below,—
 A universe of sky and snow !
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvelous shapes ; strange domes and towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood, 56
 Or garden-wall or belt of wood ;
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road ;
 The bridle-post an old man sat 60
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle. 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased (for when did farmer boy

43. **spherule**, a little sphere.

45. **pellicle**, a thin film.

65. **Pisa's leaning miracle**. The Tower of Pisa, in the Italian city of that name, is 180 feet high and deviates more than 14 feet from the vertical, either as the result of design or, as is generally believed, because of the "settling" of the ground on which it stands.

Count such a summons less than joy?)
 Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
 We cut the solid whiteness through;
 And, 'where the drift was deepest, made
 A tunnel walled and overlaid 75
 With dazzling crystal: we had read
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
 And to our own his name we gave,
 With many a wish the luck were ours
 To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80
 We reached the barn with merry din,
 And roused the prisoned brutes within.
 The old horse thrust his long head out,
 And grave with wonder gazed about;
 The cock his lusty greeting said, 85
 And forth his speckled harem led;
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
 And mild reproach of hunger looked;
 The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
 The loosened drift its breath before;
 Low circling round its southern zone, 95
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.

70. *buskins*, a strong, protecting covering for the foot, coming some distance up the leg.

77. The story of Aladdin and his lamp is from *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

90. *Amun*, more commonly *Ammon*, the deity holding the highest place in Egyptian mythology, often represented as a ram.

No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense 100
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear 110
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone. 115

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack 120
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art 125
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room 130
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free. 135
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,* 140
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood, 145
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness of their back. 150
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without, 155
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat

136. crane, an iron arm attached to the side or back of a fireplace to support kettles, etc., over a fire.

The frost-line back with tropic heat; 160
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,
 The house-dog on his paws outspread 165
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet, 170
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved? 175
 What matter how the north-wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day, 180
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!
 Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now,—
 The dear home faces whereupon 185
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more. 190

^{168.} *couchant*, lying down with head erect; a heraldic term.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read, 195
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust 200
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, 205
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death, 210
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The chief of Gambia's golden shore." 215
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a trumpet called, I've heard
Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word: '
"Does not the voice of reason cry, 220

215. This line and lines 220-223 are from a poem by Mrs Sarah Wentworth Morton, which appeared in *The American Preceptor*, a school-book which Whittier may have studied.

*Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly*

Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side; 225
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone 230
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl, 235
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
· Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along 240
The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made, 245
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,

225. **Memphremagog**, a lake in the north of Vermont.

226. **samp**, coarse hominy.

237. **Salisbury**, a town in Massachusetts, near the Whittier home at East Salisbury.

242. **Boar's Head**, a bluff on the coast of New Hampshire, not far from the Massachusetts coast.

243. **Isles of Shoals**, a group of islands off Boar's Head.

244. **hake**, a common American salt-water fish.

And dream and sign and marvel told
 To sleepy listeners as they lay 250
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,
 Adrift along the winding shores,
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow
 The square sail of the gundalow,
 And idle lay the useless oars. 255
 Our mother, while she turned her wheel
 Or run the new-knit stocking heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town,
 And how her own great-uncle bore 260
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
 Recallin', in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free
 (The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways), 265
 The story of her early days,—
 She made us welcome to her home;
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
 We stole with her a frightened look
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 270
 The fame whereof went far and wide
 Through all the simple country-side;
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
 The loon's weird laughter far away; 275
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,

254. gundalow, a small boat.

259. Cochecho, the Indian name for Dover, N. H.

274. Piscataqua, a New Hampshire river.

Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 280
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
 And heard the wild geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.
 Then, haply, with a look more grave,
 And soberer tone, some tale she gave 285
 From painful Sewel's ancient tome,
 Beloved in every Quaker home,
 Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
 Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!— 290
 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
 And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
 And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
 His portly presence, mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under breath 295
 Of casting lots for life or death,

285. Of William Sewel's *History of the Quakers* Charles Lamb said (*A Quakers' Meeting in Essays of Elia*): "It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley or his colleagues."

290. Thomas Chalkley was an itinerant preacher, who was born in England in 1673, and died in Philadelphia in 1749. The reference is to the following extract from his *Journal*, published in his seventy-second year: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me;' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition; and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of till we got into the capes of Delaware."

Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
 To be himself the sacrifice.
 Then, suddenly, as if to save
 The good man from his living grave, 300
 A ripple on the water grew,
 A school of porpoise flashed in view.
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
 These fishes in my stead are sent
 By Him who gave the tangled ram 305
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
 The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum. 310
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys 315
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
 Like Apollonius of old, 320
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
 Or Hermes, who interpreted
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,

305. Cf. Genesis xxii. 13.

320. Appollonius, a Pythagorean philosopher who lived in the first century after Christ.

322. Hermes Trismegistus, an Egyptian philosopher. He was said to have invented harmony, astrology, magic, the lute and lyre, the art of writing in hieroglyphics, and many other things. He lived in Alexandria in the early years of the Christian era.

Content to live where life began;	325
Strong only on his native grounds,	
The little world of sights and sounds	
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,	
Whereof his fondly partial pride	
The common features magnified,	330
As Surrey hills to mountains grew	
In White of Selborne's loving view,	
He told how teal and loon he shot,	
And how the eagle's eggs he got,	
The feats on pond and river done,	335
The prodigies of rod and gun;	
Till, warming with the tales he told,	
Forgotten was the outside cold,	
The bitter wind unheeded blew,	
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,	340
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink	
Went fishing down the river-brink.	
In fields with bean or clover gay,	
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,	
Peered from the doorway of his cell;	345
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,	
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;	
And from the shagbark overhead	
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.	
Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer	350
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—	
The sweetest woman ever Fate	
Perverse denied a household mate,	
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less	

332. Gilbert White (1720-1793) of Selborne in Hampshire, England, whose charming *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* has become an English classic.

Found peace in love's unselfishness, 355
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories, 360
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance. 365
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon 370
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart. 375
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice. 385
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,

Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent 390
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat 395
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill, 400
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow 405
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod, 410
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills 415
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things, 420

In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
 And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
 Am I not richer than of old?
 Safe in thy immortality,
 What change can reach the wealth I hold? 425
 What chance can mar the pearl and gold
 Thy love hath left in trust with me?
 And while in life's late afternoon,
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,
 I walk to meet the night that soon 430
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,
 I cannot feel that thou art far,
 Since near at need the angels are;
 And when the sunset gates unbar,
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand, 435
 And, white against the evening star,
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
 The master of the district school
 Held at the fire his favored place; 440
 Its warm glow lit a laughing face
 Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
 The uncertain prophecy of beard.
 He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat, 445
 Sang songs, and told us what befalls
 In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
 Born the wild Northern hills among,
 From whence his yeoman father wrung
 By patient toil subsistence scant, 450
 Not competence and yet no want,

He early gained the power to pay
 His cheerful, self-reliant way;
 Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
 To peddle wares from town to town; 455
 Or through the long vacation's reach
 In lonely lowland districts teach,
 Where all the droll experience found
 At stranger hearths in boarding round,
 The moonlit skater's keen delight, 460
 The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
 The rustic party, with its rough
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
 And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
 His winter task a pastime made. 465
 Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
 He tuned his merry violin,
 Or played the athlete in the barn,
 Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
 Or mirth-provoking versions told 470
 Of classic legends rare and old,
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
 Had all the commonplace of home,
 And little seemed at best the odds
 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods; 475
 Where Pindus-born Arachthus took
 The guise of any grist-mill brook,
 And dread Olympus at his will
 Became a huckleberry hill.
 A careless boy that night he seemed; 480
 But at his desk he had the look
 And air of one who wisely schemed,

476. The Arachthus is one of five rivers which rise in Pindus, the great mountain-chain at Greece.

478 Olympus, the mountain in Greece on the top of which the gods were said to dwell.

And hostage from the future took
 In trained thought and lore of book.
 Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he 485
 Shall Freedom's young apostles be
 Who, following in War's bloody trail,
 Shall every lingering wrong assail;
 All chains from limb and spirit strike,
 Uplift the black and white alike; 490
 Scatter before their swift advance
 The darkness and the ignorance,
 The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
 Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
 Made murder pastime, and the hell 495
 Of prison-torture possible;
 The cruel lie of caste refute,
 Old forms remold, and substitute
 For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
 For blind routine, wise-handed skill; 500
 A school-house plant on every hill,
 Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
 The quick wires of intelligence;
 Till North and South together brought
 Shall own the same electric thought, 505
 In peace a common flag salute,
 And, side by side in labor's free
 And unresentful rivalry,
 Harvest the fields wherein they fought.
 }
 Another guest that winter night 510
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
 Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
 The honeyed music of her tongue
 And words of meekness scarcely told
 A nature passionate and bold, 515

Strong, self-concentered, spurning guide,
 Its milder features dwarfed beside
 Her unbent will's majestic pride.
 She sat among us, at the best,
 A not unfeared, half-welcome guest, 520
 Rebuking with her cultured phrase
 Our homeliness of words and ways.
 A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
 Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
 Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash; 525
 And under low brows, black with night,
 Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
 The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
 Presaging ill to him whom Fate
 Condemned to share her love or hate. 530
 A woman tropical, intense
 In thought and act, in soul and sense,
 She blended in a like degree
 The vixen and the devotee,
 Revealing with each freak of feint 535
 The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
 The raptures of Siena's saint.
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile power to form a fist;
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes 540
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
 Brows saintly calm and lips devout
 Knew every change of scowl and pout;
 And the sweet voice had notes more high
 And shrill for social battle-cry. 545
 Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,

536. Cf Shakspeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.
 537. Siena's saint, St. Catherine.

What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs, 551
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon 555
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and fresh, 560
 The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!
Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see, 565
 The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters spun,
 Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born, 570
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
 And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
 A lifelong discord and annoy, 575
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate

555. Queen of Lebanon, Lady Hester Stanhope, an account of whose life on Mt. Lebanon is given in Kinglake's *Eothen*. See Introductory Note.

The tangled skein of will and fate, 580
 To show what metes and bounds should stand
 Upon the soul's debatable land,
 And between choice and Providence
 Divide the circle of events;

But He who knows our frame is just, 585
 Merciful and compassionate,
 And full of sweet assurances
 And hope for all the language is,

That He remembereth we are dust!
 At last the great logs, crumbling low, 590
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine. 595

That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away,
 Then roused himself to safely cover 600
 The dull red brand with ashes over.

And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness 605

For food and shelter, warmth and health,
 And love's contentment more than wealth,
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart, 610
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
 That none might lack, that bitter night,
 For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared, 615
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall 320
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams 625
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear; 630
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost, 635
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes 640
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
' And woodland paths that wound between 645
Low drooping-pine-boughs winter-weighed.

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw 650
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost 655
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say, 660
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need. 665
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect 670
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last. 675
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;

One harmless novel, mostly hid
 From younger eyes, a book forbid, 680
 And poetry, (or good or bad,
 A single book was all we had,)
 Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
 A stranger to the heathen Nine,
 Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine, 685
 The wars of David and the Jews.
 At last the floundering carrier bore
 The village paper to our door.
 Lo! broadening outward as we read,
 To warmer zones the horizon spread; 690
 In panoramic length unrolled
 We saw the marvel that it told.
 Before us passed the painted Creeks,
 And daft McGregor on his raids
 In Costa Rica's everglades. 695
 And up Taygetus winding slow
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
 A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
 Welcome to us its week-old news,
 Its corner for the rustic Muse, 700
 Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
 Its record, mingling in a breath
 The wedding bell and dirge of death;
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,

683. Thomas Elwood, the author of *Davidels*, an epic poem in five books, being the life of David, King of Israel, was a Quaker and a friend of Milton.

684. the Heathen Nine, the Muses.

686. The Creek Indians were at this time removed from Georgia and driven beyond the Mississippi.

694. daft McGregor, Sir Gregor McGregor, who was attempting to found a colony in Porto Rica.

696. The mountaineers living on Tagetus, a mountain of Greece, flocked to Ypsilanti, one of the leaders in the long struggle with Turkey which resulted in Grecian independence.

- The latest culprit sent to jail; 705
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat; 710
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!
- Clasp, Angel of the backward look 715
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past; 720
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death, 725
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall, 730
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids 735
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:

Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,

Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few 745
Who yet remain—shall pause to view

These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze! 750

And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond; 755
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

741. In 1040 the church forbade the barons to make an attack on each other between sunset on Wednesday and sunrise on the following Monday, or upon any ecclesiastical fast or feast day. It also provided that no man was to molest a laborer working in the fields, or to lay hands on any implement of husbandry, on pain of excommunication.
—Brewer.

747. The Flemish painters were fond of painting interiors.

SONGS OF LABOR.

DEDICATION.

▲ **WOULD** the gift I offer here
Might grace from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,
On softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake. 5

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :
But what I have I give to thee,—
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,
And paler flowers, the latter rain 9
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
The dry and wasting roots between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaved maple
wood ! 15

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the somber tree ;
And through the bleak and wintry day

10. *life's autumnal lea.* This stanza loses much of its meaning when we remember that the autumn of Whittier's life lasted for forty years after this poem was written.

It keeps its steady green alway,—
So even my after-thoughts may have a charm for
thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And beauty is its own excuse ;
But for the dull and flowerless weed 5
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasseled maize 10
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below !

Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plow, may gain
A manlier spirit of content, 15
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the
working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care 20
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

A blessing now—a curse no more ;
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—

4. **And beauty is its own excuse.** In the first edition of the "Songs of Labor" Whittier made a note acknowledging his indebtedness for this line to Emerson's inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora :

" If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist, 5
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin ;
The broadax to the gnarlèd oak,
The mallet to the pin ! 10

Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand 15
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near ; 20
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axman's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak 25
Falls crashing down his hill.

25. **century-circled oak.** The transverse section of a tree-trunk will show concentric circles of growth. These are supposed to indicate by their number the age of the tree.

- Up—up !—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part :
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam, 5
And drive the treenails free ;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea !
- Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plow— 10
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck 15
As if they trod the land.
- Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel ;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel ; 20
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave !
- Ho !—strike away the bars and blocks, 25
And set the good ship free !
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea ?
Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now ! 30
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
 Her snowy wing shall fan,
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,
 Or sultry Hindostan !
 Where'er, in mart or on the main, 5
 With peaceful flag unfurled,
 She helps to wind the silken chain
 Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship !—But let her bear
 No merchandise of sin, 10
 No groaning cargo of despair
 Her roomy hold within.
 No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
 Nor poison-draught for ours ;
 But honest fruits of toiling hands 15
 And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
 The Desert's golden sand,
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
 The spice of Morning land ! 20
 Her pathway on the open main
 May blessings follow free,
 And glad hearts welcome back again
 Her white sails from the sea !

11 **groaning cargo of despair.** Slaves, of course. Whittier let slip no opportunity to emphasize his favorite doctrines of abolition and temperance.

13. **Lethean drug.** Opium. The epithet *Lethean* is derived from Lethe, the mythical river which flowed through Elysium, the Greek heaven. According to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, it was supposed that after the souls of the dead had inhabited Elysium for a thousand years they were destined to animate other bodies on earth, and before leaving Elysium they drank of the river Lethe (oblivion), in order that they might enter upon their new life without any remembrance of the past.

THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH ! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain ;
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor !
 Run up the sail again !
 Leave to the lubber landmen 5
 The rail-car and the steed ;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hilltop looks the steeple,
 And the lighthouse from the sand ; 10
 And the scattered pines are waving
 Their farewell from the land.
 One glance, my lads, behind us,
 For the homes we leave one sigh,
 Ere we take the change and chances 15
 Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
 Of frozen Labrador,
 Floating spectral in the moonshine,
 Along the low, black shore ! 20
 Where like snow the gannet's feathers
 Of Brador's rocks are shed,
 And the noisy murr are flying,
 Like black scuds, overhead .

Where in mist the rock is hiding, 25
 And the sharp reef lurks below,
 And the white squall smites in summer,

22. **Brador's rocks.** Tradition has it that in the fifteenth century a Basque whaler called "la Brador" penetrated as far as Labrador Bay (now Bradore Bay), and that, as in process of time this bay was much frequented by fishermen, the name was extended to the whole coast.

And the autumn tempests blow ;
 Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
 From evening unto morn,
 A thousand boats are hailing,
 Horn answering unto horn. 5

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,
 With the white cross on its crown !
 Hurrah ! for Meccatina,
 And its mountains bare and brown !
 Where the Caribou's tall antlers 10
 O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
 And the footstep of the Mickmack
 Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
 Old Ocean's treasures in, 15
 Where'er the mottled mackerel
 Turns up a steel-dark fin.
 The sea's our field of harvest,
 Its scaly tribes our grain ;
 We'll reap the teeming waters 20
 As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
 And light the hearth of home ;
 From our fish, as in the old time,
 The silver coin shall come. 25

6 **Red Island.** Whittier probably means the island on the eastern coast of Newfoundland, in Placentia Bay. It is small and rugged, and composed of reddish rock.

8. **Meccatina.** A river flowing from the unexplored mountains of Labrador and emptying into the St. Lawrence.

12. **Mickmack.** The native Indians of Labrador, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland are of the Mickmack tribe.

16. **mackerel.** Thirty or forty years ago the mackerel disappeared from the Newfoundland banks. Since then fishermen have derived their profit chiefly from cod,

As the demon fled the chamber
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,
 So ours from all our dwellings
 Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets 5
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels ;
 Though the fog be dark around us,
 And the storm blow high and loud, 10
 We will whistle down the wild wind,
 And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,
 On the water as on land,
 God's eye is looking on us, 15
 And beneath us is his hand !
 Death will find us soon or later,
 On the deck or in the cot ;
 And we cannot meet him better
 Than in working out our lot. 20

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west wind
 Comes freshening down the bay,
 The rising sails are filling—
 Give way, my lads, give way !
 Leave the coward landsman clinging 25
 To the dull earth, like a weed—
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 And the breath of heaven shall speed !

2. **Tobit.** The apocryphal book of Tobit, not recognized now as a part of the Bible, relates how Tobit was cured of his blindness by the gall of a fish. As Tobit's son was walking by the banks of the Ganges a great fish leaped from the water and attacked him. By the advice of an angelic counselor he killed it and removed the gall, heart, and liver. With the gall he cured his father, and with the heart and liver as a charm he drove away the demon Asmodeus, who had been persecuting his wife.

THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal
rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with
grass again ;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the
woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow
flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun
rose broad and red, 5
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he
sped ;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly pict-
ured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the
night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow
light ; 10
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified
the hill ;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,
they knew not why ;
And schoolgirls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the
meadow brooks, 15
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient
weather-cocks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as
rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rus-
tling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-
fields lay dry, 5
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the
pale-green waves of rye ;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks
that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the
yellow ear ; 10
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant
fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and many a
creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk
and grain ;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank
down, at last, 15
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in bright-
ness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,
stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire
beyond,

Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory
shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled
into one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away, 5
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farmhouse, and hamlet
without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up-harvest, from pitchforks
in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene
below ; 10
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart ;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
in its shade, 15
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young
and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft
brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking
ballad sung.

THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard ! 5
Heap high the golden corn !
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine, 10
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift 15
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played. 20

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

**All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.**

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves, **5**
 Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
 Apollo showered of old, 10
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk, 15
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root, **25**
 Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod ;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God !



THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,	8
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;	
Thickly down these swelling waters	
Float his fallen leaves.	
Through the tall and naked timber,	
Column-like and old,	10
Gleam the sunsets of November,	
From their skies of gold.	
O'er us, to the southland heading,	
Screams the gray wild-goose ;	
On the night-frost sounds the treading	15
Of the brindled moose.	
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,	
Frost his task-work plies ;	
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,	
Shall our log-piles rise.	20
When, with sounds of smothered thunder,	
On some night of rain,	
Lake and river break asunder	
Winter's weakened chain,	
Down the wild March flood shall bear them	25
To the saw-mill's wheel,	
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them	
With his teeth of steel.	

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
 In these vales below,
 When the earliest beams of sunlight
 Streak the mountain's snow,
 Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early, 5
 To our hurrying feet,
 And the forest echoes clearly
 All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis
 Stretches broad and clear, 10
 And Millnocket's pine-black ridges
 Hide the browsing deer :
 Where, through lakes and wide morasses,
 Or through rocky walls,
 Swift and strong, Penobscot passes 15
 White with foamy falls ;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
 Of Katahdin's sides,—
 Rock and forest piled to heaven,
 Torn and plowed by slides ! 20
 Far below, the Indian trapping,
 In the sunshine warm ;
 Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
 Half the peak in storm !

Where are mossy carpets better 25
 Than the Persian weaves,
 And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
 Seem the fading leaves ;

9. **Ambijejis.** The Indian name for a lake and falls on the Penobscot ; so called, it is said, from two large, round rocks in the lake.

11. **Millnocket.** A lake in Maine, south of Mt. Katahdin.

18. **Katahdin.** A high mountain in Maine, about 180 miles northeast of Augusta.

And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night ;

Make we here our camp of winter ;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.

Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone 10
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day ;
And the welcome of returning 15
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
Angels of our home : 20

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir :
Ours the old, majestic temple, 25
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines !

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
Speaks He in the breeze, 30
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees !

For His ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue ;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the ax is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning 5
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades !—Trade is waiting 10
On our rugged toil ;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil !

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers ;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats ;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the ax of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of saber
Or the gleam of lance !
Strike !—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs 30
Of the age to come ;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest-home !

Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill ;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys, 5
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine !
In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part ; 10
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart !

O ! our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow ;
And our tread is all the firmer 15
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave ;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth Slave ! 20

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's
Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades ! up and doing ! 25
Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
Through the world our way !

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

[In the following ballad, the author has endeavored to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order, which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the treasurer of the county was "fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbadoes, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.—*Vide Sewall's History*, pp. 225, 226, G. Bishop.]

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise
to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the
spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful
three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His hand-
maid free !

3. faithful three. Nebuchadnezzar, the king, set up a golden image on a plain in the province of Babylon, and commanded all to worship it. The three companions of Daniel, whom the Babylonian king called Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were accused of not paying their devotions to the image. The king ordered them to be thrown into a burning fiery furnace. To the great surprise of every one present the three Jews sustained the ordeal without any injury. This miracle was one of the means of the king's eventual conversion. Daniel iii. 20.

4. Chaldean lions. Through the jealousy of the Chaldean

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison
bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale
gleam of stars ;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long
night-time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early
rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept
by ; 5
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the
sky ;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which
seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ,

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the
morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my
sorrow, 10
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for
and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from
the fold !

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrink-
ing and the shame ;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to
me came :

princes, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but escaped unscathed.

These numerous scriptural allusions in Whittier's poems give evidence of his early religious training in the quiet Quaker home, where the Bible was read aloud morning and evening. Its stories and teachings became a part of his mental and moral fiber.

“Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!” the wicked murmur said,

“Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?” 5

“Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,

Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?

Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath through

Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

‘Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth 10

Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;

How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,

On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,

Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken, 15

No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid.

For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

“Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led

With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;

To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;

And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth-bound.

“ Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at th
 divine,
 Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread
 wine ;
 Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from
 pillory lame,
 Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying
 their shame.

“ And what a fate awaits thee ?—a sadly toi
 slave,
 Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondag
 the grave !
 Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hope
 thrall,
 The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all ! ”

Oh !—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Natu
 fears
 Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavai
 tears,
 I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove
 silent prayer
 To feel, oh, Helper of the weak !—that Thou ind
 wert there !

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell.

8. cart-tail scourgings. Puritan New England was n
 place where any latitude of religious belief was encoura
 The Puritans were more bigoted than their own oppress
 They punished every difference of opinion with barba
 brutality; the Quakers coming in, of course, for the lion's sh
 of insult and abuse. The meek Friends endured it all with
 unfailing cheerfulness which goaded their persecutors to
 verge of madness. Finally an edict was promulgated in Ma
 chusetts which banished all Quakers, with the punishment
 death if they returned again. Even in spite of this they retur
 and met death with heroic serenity.

13. within Philippi's cell. Acts xvi. 23.

And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-
shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe
of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies !—for the peace
and love I felt, 4
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt ;
When, "Get behind me, Satan !" was the language
of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts
depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again the sun-
shine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate, within my
lonely cell ;
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from
the street 10
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of
passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was
open cast,
And slowly, at the sheriff's side, up the long street I
passed ;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared
not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed
on me; 15

1. Peter's sleeping limbs. Acts xii. 5.

5 Hermon's holy hill. A mountain in the northeastern border of Palestine, overlooking the ancient city of Dan, and the source of the Jordan.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon
my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs
grew weak :
“ Oh, Lord ! support Thy handmaid ; and from her
soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weak-
ness and the doubt.”

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in
morning's breeze, 5
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering
words like these :
“ Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a
brazen wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over
all.”

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit
waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall
of rock ; 10
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines
on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network
on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and
grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed
and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at
hand, 15
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

16. John Endicott (1589-1665). One of the first colonial governors of Massachusetts. He was a hard and zealous Puritan.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready
ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and
scoff and jeer ;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of
silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit
spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the
meek, 5
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the
weak !
Go light the dark, cold hearthstones—go turn the
prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid
the flock !"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a
deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of
anger spread ; 10
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed
not her words so wild,
Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his
child !"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the
while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have
made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood
bring 15
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

15. house of Rimmon. Rimmon was a Syrian god, repre-

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning
said :

“ Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker
maid ?

In the Isle of far Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl
or Moor.”

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when again
he cried, 5

“ Speak out, my worthy seamen ! ”—no voice, no
sign replied ;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words
met my ear :

“ God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl
and dear ! ”

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying
friend was nigh,

I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his
eye ; 10

And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so
kind to me,

Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of
the sea :

“ Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins
of Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of
her hold,

By the living God who made me !—I would sooner
in your bay 15

Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child
away ! ”

sending a certain aspect of the Greek Adonis In II Kings v. 18
the “house of Rimmon” is spoken of as the temple of a false
god.

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their
cruel laws!"

Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's
just applause.

"Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver
sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-
way drawn, 5

Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate
and scorn;

Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in
silence back,

And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmur-
ing in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked. in bitterness of
soul;

Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed
his parchment roll. 10

"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the
ruler and the priest,

Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well
released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept
round the silent bay,

As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me
go my way;

For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of
the glen, 15

And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts
of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed
beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of
the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and
woodland, lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the
bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises
be, 5
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His hand-
maid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty
are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the
poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight
calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grate-
ful psalm; 10
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints
of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men
of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand
upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour! 15
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and
devour:

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be
glad,

And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise
 be clad,
 For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the
 stormy wave,
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save !



FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
 There lingers not a breeze to break b
 The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
 The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
 Are painted on its glassy floor

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye, 10
 The snowy mountain-tops which lie
 Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak,
 Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
 Or snow-slide left its dusky streak. 15

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
 And belts of spruce and cedar show,
 Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
 Though yet on her deliverer's wing 20
 The lingering frosts of winter cling.

1. **Sebago's lonely lake.** A large lake in the southwest corner of Maine. A railroad now runs past its lower end.

16 **Saco's banks.** The Saco River flows through the southern corner of Maine, emptying into the ocean at Biddeford.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras, 5
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness, 10
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side : 15

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the ax have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there 20
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

12. **slaughtered chief.** Polan, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Mt. Agamenticus and Casco Bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago Lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot River, to its mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.—*Note by Author.*

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
 They break the damp turf at its foot,
 And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
 The firm roots from the earth divide— 5
 The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
 In tasseled garb of skins arrayed,
 And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed 10
 Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
 Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done : the roots are backward sent,
 The beechen tree stands up unbent—
 The Indian's fitting monument ! 15

When of that sleeper's broken race
 Their green and pleasant dwelling-place,
 Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

O ! long may sunset's light be shed
 As now upon that beech's head— 20
 A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,
 In northern winds, that, cold and free,
 Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break 25
 Forever round that lonely lake
 A solemn undertone shall make !

10. **silver cross.** The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.—*Note by Author.*

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast ?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness 5
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest 10
No priestly knee hath ever pressed—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer ! 15

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall 20
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O ! peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !
Great Nature owns her simple child !

15. cursing in the place of prayer. The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England towards the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit as "the day on which he sent the devil a present"—*Williamson's History of Maine*.

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known—
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things, 5
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan—
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our brother man !

ST. JOHN.

[The fierce rivalry of the two French officers left by the death of RAZILLA in the possession of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. CHARLES ST ESTIENNE, inheriting from his father the title of Lord DE LA TOUR, whose seat was at the mouth of the St. John River, was a Protestant; DE AULNEY CHARNISY, whose fortress was at the mouth of the Penobscot, or ancient *Pentagoet*, was a Catholic. The incentives of a false religious feeling, sectarian intolerance, and personal interest and ambition, conspired to render their feud bloody and unsparing. The Catholic was urged on by the Jesuits, who had found protection from Puritan gallows-ropes under his jurisdiction; the Huguenot still smarted under the recollection of his wrongs and persecutions in France. Both claimed to be champions of that cross from which went upward the holy petition of the Prince of Peace: "*Futher, forgive them.*" LA TOUR received aid in several instances from the Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by DE AULNEY, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack, however, followed in the 4th mo. 1647. Lady LA TOUR defended her castle with a desperate perseverance. After a furious cannonade, DE AULNEY stormed the walls, and put the entire garrison to the sword. Lady LA TOUR languished a few days only in the hands of her inveterate

enemy, and died of grief, greatly regretted by the colonists of Boston, to whom, as a devoted Protestant, she was well known.]

" To the winds give our banner !
 Bear homeward again ! "
 Cried the Lord of Acadia,
 Cried Charles of Estienne ;
 From the prow of his shallop 5
 He gazed, as the sun,
 From its bed in the ocean,
 Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
 That shallop had passed, 10
 Where the mists of Penobscot
 Clung damp on her mast.
 St. Saviour had looked
 On the heretic sail,
 As the songs of the Huguenot 15
 Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
 Remembered her well,
 And had cursed her while passing,
 With taper and bell, 20
 But the men of Monhegan,
 Of Papists abhorred,
 Had welcomed and feasted
 The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop 25
 With dun-fish and ball,
 With stores for his larder,
 And steel for his wall.

13 St. Saviour. The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

21. Monhegan. The isle of Monhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine.

Pemequid, from her bastions
 And turrets of stone,
 Had welcomed his coming
 With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders 5
 Had followed his way,
 As homeward he glided,
 Down Pentecost Bay.
 O ! well sped La Tour !
 For, in peril and pain, 10
 His lady kept watch
 For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
 The morning sun shone,
 On the plane-trees which shaded 15
 The shores of St. John.
 "Now, why from yon battlements
 Speaks not my love !
 Why waves there no banner
 My fortress above ?" 20

Dark and wild, from his deck
 St. Estienne gazed about,
 On fire-wasted dwellings,
 And silent redoubt ;
 From the low, shattered walls 25
 Which the flame had o'errun,
 There floated no banner,
 There thundered no gun !

But, beneath the low arch
 Of its doorway there stood 30

1. **Pemequid.** An English stone fortress on the peninsula between the mouths of the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers.

A pale priest of Rome,
 In his cloak and his hood.
 With the bound of a lion,
 La Tour sprang to land,
 On the throat of the Papist 5
 He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman
 Of scarlet and sin !
 What wolf has been prowling
 My castle within ?" 10
 From the grasp of the soldier
 The Jesuit broke,
 Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
 He smiled as he spoke :

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne, 25
 Has ravaged thy hall,
 But thy red-handed rival,
 With fire, steel, and ball !
 On an errand of mercy
 I hitherward came, 26
 While the walls of thy castle
 Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels
 Were moored in the bay,
 Grim sea-lions, roaring 25
 Aloud for their prey."
 "But what of my lady ?"
 Cried Charles of Estienne :
 "On the shot-crumbled turret
 Thy lady was seen : 30

7. Woman of scarlet and sin. Revelation xvii. 3. The Protestant clergy identified the Church of Rome with the Scarlet Woman.

- “Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon !
But woe to the heretic, 5
Evermore woe !
When the son of the church
And the cross is his foe !
- “In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball, 10
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall !
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment—and then
Alone stood the victor, 15
Alone with his men !
- “Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John.” 20
“Let the dastard look to it !”
Cried fiery Estienne,
“Were D'Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again !”
- “Alas, for thy lady ! 25
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free :
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thralldom she bore, 30
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door !”

- As if suddenly smitten
 La Tour staggered back ;
 His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
 His forehead grew black.
 He sprang on the deck 5
 Of his shallop again :
 " We cruise now for vengeance !
 Give way ! " cried Estienne.
- " Massachusetts shall hear
 Of the Huguenot's wrong, 10
 And from island and creek-side
 Her fishers shall throng !
 Pentagoet shall rue
 What his Papists have done,
 When his palisades echo 15
 'The Puritan's gun !"
- O ! the loveliest of heavens
 Hung tenderly o'er him,
 There were waves in the sunshine,
 And green isles before him : 20
 But a pale hand was beckoning
 The Huguenot on ;
 And in blackness and ashes
 Behind was St. John !

STANZAS.

["The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing ? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy ?

shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—**ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?**"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!

Slaves—in a land of light and law!

Slaves—crouching on the very plains

Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!

A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood— 5

A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—

By every shrine of patriot blood,

From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,

By mossy wood and marshy glen, 10

Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,

And hurrying shout of Marion's men!

5. **Eutaw's haunted wood.** At Eutaw Springs, in South Carolina, General Greene was defeated by the British, September 8, 1781.

6. **Camden's martyrs.** General Gates fought his first Southern battle near Camden, South Carolina, August 16, 1780, and was defeated. "The hero of this battle was the Baron de Kalb, a German who had been thoroughly educated in the art of war. . . . He soon gained the favorable opinion of Washington by the manner in which he discharged important duties, and now, in this unfortunate battle near Camden ended his brave deeds in a vain attempt to resist a bayonet charge made by Cornwallis's entire force."—*Anderson's United States History.*

8. **Moultrie's wall.** When Clinton attacked Charleston, South Carolina, he was stoutly resisted by the patriots in a trenched in a rough fort under Colonel Moultrie. "In the fury of the fight, the fort's flagstaff was shattered and the flag fell outside the works, on the beach near the edge of the water. Sergeant Jasper, braving the enemy's shower of shot and shell, leaped through an embrasure to the ground, picked up the flag, fastened it to a wooden gun-rod, and climbing to the top of the log wall, fixed it firmly in place."—*Anderson.*

12. **Marion's men.** By 1780 South Carolina was almost entirely at the mercy of Cornwallis. "No large army was there to oppose the British forces, but bands of patriots, led by the

The groan of breaking hearts is there—
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank !
Slaves—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank !

What, ho !—*our* countrymen in chains ! 5
 The whip on *WOMAN'S* shrinking flesh !
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !
 What ! mothers from their children riven !
 What ! God's own image bought and sold ! 10
AMERICANS to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear 15
 The paltry *menace* of a chain ;
 To us whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light—
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right ? 20

What ! shall we send, with lavish breath,
 Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave ?
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung, 25
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,

heroic Sumter, Marion, and Pickens, were constantly on the alert to thwart hostile plans and movements. . . . Sumter, because of his valor, acquired the title of the Carolina Game-cock. . . . Marion was equally active. His favorite hiding-places were in the swamps of the Carolinas. In these he found ready refuge, and from them could secretly start out on his expeditions. Hence he became known as the Swamp Fox."—*Anderson*

26. Greece. The Greeks having for some years struggled to throw off the Turkish yoke, finally secured the aid of England

And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendôme's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
 And Poland, gasping on her lance, 5
 The impulse of our cheering call?
 And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
 And toss his fettered arms on high,
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain? 10

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave?
 And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane 15
 Relax the iron hand of pride,
 And bid his bondman cast the chain
 From fettered soul and limb aside?

France, and Russia, whose combined fleets defeated and destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleet in the battle of Navarino (1827). By this event the independence of Greece was achieved.

4. **Vendôme's pile.** The Place Vendôme is one of the most beautiful squares in Paris. It was originally adorned by an equestrian statue of the Duc de Vendôme. This was eventually torn down and a high column substituted, which in turn suffered from the vengeance of a revolutionary mob, but has now been set up again.

4. **Schoenbrun's wall.** The royal Austrian palace of Schoenbrun is situated near Vienna and is a favorite resort for the populace on holidays. Belgium revolted from its fealty to Austria in 1830 and secured its independence.

5. **Poland.** From 1772 until 1830 the Poles were constantly rising against their Russian masters, but were as constantly crushed back to servitude.

13. **Russian serf go free.** Serfdom was not abolished in Russia until 1863, although Alexander I. freed the serfs of Courland and Livonia early in the century.

15. **wintry-bosomed Dane.** The abolition of serfdom in Denmark was begun by Christian VII. in 1787, but was not completed till twenty years later.

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings, 5
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat; 10
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
 To spare the struggling Suliote—
 Will not the scorching answer come
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:
 "Go, loose your fettered slaves at home, 15
 Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And byword of a mocking Earth? 20
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

9. **Constantine** (1779-1831). A Russian grand duke and the second son of the Emperor Paul I. He was military governor of Poland, ruling with great severity.

12. **struggling Suliote**. The Suliots were the descendants of a number of families who fled from their Turkish oppressors to the mountains of Suli (whence they derive their name) during the seventeenth century. They flourished for a number of years, until Ali Pasha of Janina began to encroach on their independence. Vanquished in 1803, they retreated to Parga, and afterwards to the Ionian Islands, where they remained until 1820, when their old oppressor, Ali Pasha, invoked their aid against the Turks. In their anxiety to return to their old homes they enlisted under Marco Bozzaris and maintained a long and desperate conflict with the Turks. They were eventually defeated and forced to retire to Cephalonia.

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
 From graybeard eld to fiery youth,
 And on the nation's naked heart
 Scatter the living coals of Truth !
 Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet 8
 The shadow of our fame is growing !
 Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
 In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
 The gathered wrath of God and man— 10
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
 When hail and fire above it ran.
 Hear ye no warnings in the air ?
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?
 Up—up—why will ye slumber where 15
 The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up *now* for Freedom !—not in strife
 Like that your sterner fathers saw—
 The awful waste of human life—
 The glory and the guilt of war : 20
 But break the chain—the yoke remove,
 And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
 Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink, 25

12. **hail and fire.** Exodus ix. 23

25. **Moloch.** The fire-god to whom the Ammonites in Canaan made human sacrifices.

“Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
 Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
 To his grim idol.”

Paradise Lost, Book I, Lines 392-405

The idol had brazen arms heated by furnaces. The human sacrifices were placed in the arms and rapidly consumed.

And leave no traces where it stood ;
 Nor longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood :
 But rear another altar there,
 To Truth and Love and Mercy given, 5
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong ;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men, 10
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place ;
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate
 Find one sad level—and how, soon or late, 14
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, 20
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave !

BARCLAY OF URY.

[Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland, was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul.]

than this once proud gentleman and soldier One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury ;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed, 5
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master ;
And the begging carlin, late 10
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding ; 15
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing 20
Loose and free and froward ;
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
Push him ! prick him ! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd
 Cried a sudden voice and loud :
 " Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "
 And the old man, at his side,
 Saw a comrade, battle tried, 5
 Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,
 Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud : " God save us !
 Call ye coward him who stood 10
 Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
 " Put it up I pray thee : 15
 Passive to His holy will,
 Trust I in my Master still,
 Even though He slay me.

" Pledges of thy love and faith,
 Proved on many a field of death, 20
 Not by me are needed."
 Marveled much that henchman bold,
 That his laird, so stout of old,
 Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe's the day," he sadly said, 25
 With a slowly shaking head,
 And a look of pity ;
 " Ury's honest lord reviled,

12. **Gustavus Adolphus.** The great king of Sweden who in 1631 championed the Protestant cause in Germany. He passed triumphantly through the country, everywhere victorious, and finally met his death at the battle of Lutzen in 1632.

Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

“Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers, 5
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers !”

“Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end :” 10
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
“Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

“Give me joy that in His name 15
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ? 20

“Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen, 25
With bared heads, to meet me.

4. Tilly. A great Catholic general in the Thirty Years' War. After thirty-six victories he finally met his match in Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Leipzig in 1631

5 Walloon lancers. The Walloons were a part of the great Romance stock, occupying the country along the frontiers of the German speaking territory, Hamault, Attois, Namur, Liège, Luxemburg, with parts of Flanders and Brabant. Tilly was himself born in Brabant.

" When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
 Blessed me as I passed her door ;
 And the snooded daughter,
 Through her casement glancing down,
 Smiled on him who bore renown 5
 From red fields of slaughter.

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
 Hard the old friend's falling off,
 Hard to learn forgiving :
 But the Lord His own rewards, 10
 And His love with theirs accords,
 Warm and fresh and living.

" Through this dark and stormy night
 Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking ; 15
 Knowing God's own time is best,
 In a patient hope I rest
 For the full day-breaking ! "

So the Laird of Ury said,
 Turning slow his horse's head 20
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,
 Where, through iron grates, he heard
 Poor disciples of the Word
 Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old, 25
 Unto us the tale is told
 Of thy day of trial ;

21. **Tolbooth.** This word originally meant the place where articles were weighed to ascertain the amount due on them for customs duty. In Scotland it means simply a prison.

Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear, 5
O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet 10
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow. 15

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain, 20
Paint the golden morrow !



MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl 25
Of unconfined and flowing hair ;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,

As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright, 5
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower ;
A heart which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute, 10
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee !
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again, 15
And boyhood lives again in me ;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fullness of the heart in mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine. 20

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again arise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown. 25
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they !

26. *Memories.* This poem hints at some youthful love-affair of which we have no explicit knowledge.

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
 My picture of thy youth to see,
 When, half a woman, half a child,
 Thy very artlessness beguiled,
 And folly's self seemed wise in thee ; 5
 I too can smile, when o'er that hour
 The lights of memory backward stream,
 Yet feel the while that manhood's power
 Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace 10
 Of graver care and deeper thought ;
 And unto me the calm, cold face
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
 More wide, perchance, for blame than praise, 15
 The schoolboy's humble name has flown ;
 Thine in the green and quiet ways
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth ; 20
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.

15. **blame.** A reference to the extreme unpopularity to which his defense of the anti-slavery cause brought him.

21 **the Genevan's sternest creed,** i.e., Calvinism. John Calvin was born at Noyon in Picardy in 1509. He was one of the most influential of the sixteenth-century reformers. Whittier calls him "the Genevan" from the fact that his greatest services to the Reformation were rendered at Geneva. It is to Calvin that Protestantism owes its systematized doctrine and its organized ecclesiastical discipline.

23 **the Derby dalesman.** George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, was in his early days a shepherd. In later life he wandered through the Midland counties of England, Derby, Leicester, and Northampton, exhorting the people to leave off their vicious practices and cultivate the Christian virtues. He had a winning manner, resulting from his extreme earnestness and simplicity of purpose, and made many converts.

For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm ;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me 5
An impress Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about ;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn 10
That lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart, 15
And, smiling through them, round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies—
The Indian Summer of the heart !—
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain 20
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain !



ICHABOD !

[An appropriate title for the poem. Ichabod was the son of Phinehas and a grandson of Eli, a high priest of Israel. The child was born the same day that the ark of God was taken by the Philistines. Therefore his mother called him I-chabod, meaning "the glory is departed." The poem is a stern but not unpitying rebuke of Daniel Webster for a compromising speech which permitted the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the one stain on the bright honor of one of America's greatest men. W. J. Linton in his biography of Whittier says of

Ichabod: "It is not mere rhetoric, but poetry, powerful and perfect in structure, reminding us of Browning's *Lost Leader*, but simpler, stronger than that: the indignant yet dignified utterance of a proud regret for one who has been admired and loved; sad, for what is sadder than the loss of faith in one of the high gods of our idolatry?"']

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore !
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore !

Revile him not—the Tempter hath 5
A snare for all ;
And pitying eyes, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall !

Oh ! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he, who might 10
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn' would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark, 15
From hope and heaven ?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow. 20

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
 Save power remains—
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes 5
 The soul has fled:
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame ; 10
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame !

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee 5
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast— 10

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade 16

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup, 20

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, 25
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown; 30

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me! 35
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat. 40

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, 45
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair. 50

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds, 55
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone. 60

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, 65
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise. 70

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain: 75
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door. 80

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall 85
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face. 90

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug, 95
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been." 100

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, 105
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away! 110

